

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

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ON HUMILITY.

WHAT is humility? What did Jesus say of humility? How did he teach it in his life?

Children ought to know what humility is, for it is said in the Gospel that when the disciples asked Jesus who should be greatest in the kingdom of heaven, "He called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, "Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven." Again then we ask what is this humility that is to make one the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? What is this virtue which we are to seek for, as the greatest good? For mark, Jesus says whosoever shall "*humble himself*." This shows that it was something which those who were not children were to acquire, but which every child possesses, simply as a child and without any merit of its own. What, then, is

this pearl of great price, which we should all desire to possess, and that God has given to every child? Let us try to imagine ourselves present at the scene just related in the passage we have quoted from the history of our Savior. The kind and gentle Jesus takes a little child and places him in the midst of his circle of friends, and declares to those who desire to know who shall be greatest in the kingdom of his Father, that it is he who shall resemble this little child. Now look at this innocent being all unconscious of what is passing, thinking nothing of himself, looking around him, and trying to comprehend the words of the benignant being who had just spoken. He has no fear; the motions of his body and the movements of his mind are all free; he is perfectly unconscious of himself. While the Divine Jesus has made him a teacher, he is in fact a little wondering learner. In him, all this is no virtue, for it is the result of ignorance; it is a simple grace from God. But let us pass over some years, and imagine this child old enough to understand many things, and that he finds in himself daily new powers, perhaps he feels that he is gifted by the Father of all, with extraordinary faculties, and you see him now in the midst of this glorious temple which God has made, hearing and asking questions of wise and good men, and of all that is around him and within him, and perhaps again unconsciously teaching others: and suppose you were to see this same child that you have thus followed to this age, just as simple, as natural, as eager to learn of others, as forgetful of himself, as when you first saw him an innocent, helpless infant, wondering at the words of Jesus. He is thinking only, now, of acquiring knowledge; he is asking for great thoughts; he speaks out from his own pure soul all its

inmost emotions with untaught modesty, and reverential attention to the words and thoughts of others. In such a case as we have imagined you would see the native grace with which God had endowed every human being unfolded into the virtue of humility. Such a child would resemble Jesus as he is represented to us when his parents found him in the temple hearing and asking questions of the learned men of his nation when he was only twelve years of age. Now how can children keep this beautiful inheritance with which God has endowed them unstained, unspoiled? How can they add to the grace of this unconsciousness of self, the *virtue* of humility? Happy he who has never lost or hurt the gift of God, who has retained his native simplicity!

It is the perfect forgetfulness, the unconsciousness of self, the spirit of the learner, in this God's glorious world, that makes the little child a model of humility.

This then is humility, forgetfulness of one's self, interest in others, the earnest, the docile spirit of the true learner. Within himself every child has only a limited, imperfect knowledge; without him, and all around him, there is a whole world to learn about. What he knows, is only an infinitely small part of things, is all broken and imperfect: what exists, what is to be learned, is without end, and is, if we could know all, Perfection. To be conscious of this, and to always act and speak with this conviction,—this is humility.

Would it not be a beautiful thing, if it were possible, and I doubt not it is, if a child could keep this happy, quiet unconsciousness, this docile, teachable state of mind, which Jesus has pointed out as essential to perfection? Perhaps some child will ask, "How can I forget myself always? the thought of myself comes to me, in spite of

my efforts." There is but one way, and that is by fixing your mind upon other and greater things. Will you think of your own small attainments when you contemplate the boundless fields of knowledge before you, into which you have barely entered, and perhaps gathered two or three small, imperfect flowers? Will you think anything of your few good deeds, when you remember the hosts of noble souls who have lived and died for mankind? Can you rest with any self-satisfaction upon your own few excellencies when you think of the perfect Jesus whom God has given us as a model, an example which we may follow and imitate? Will you ever rest contented with imperfection if you keep perfection ever in your eye? Will he that aims at the highest, ever be satisfied with anything short of this glorious end?

I have seen an artist who had painted a picture that all the world were pleased with, and praised with a true and hearty praise; but he was silent, and modest, and took no pleasure in the commendations he received: and afterwards he said to me, "I see in my mind something so much more perfect than what I have done that I feel almost pained and ashamed at the praises bestowed upon this poor picture." He forgot himself and his deeds in his contemplation of what was more perfect. This was humility.

Perhaps some one will say, that he should often be discouraged if he always kept before him this ideal of perfection, that what goodness he might attain to, and what excellence he might reach, in any effort, would fall so far short of his own idea, that he should lose all energy and do nothing and become disheartened. This is not so. The idea and the longing after perfection, while it makes us humble, makes us truly noble; it as it were

inspires us ; it keeps the soul active, for it has always something greater, something better to do than it has done. Such an one feels that he is always "about his Father's business," and while he knows how little he does, he is conscious of how vast are his desires and purposes. There is no act, the smallest, nor the greatest of our lives, in which this idea of perfection may not and ought not to enter. And while it would give interest and beauty to the meanest occupation and enable us to do all things well, it would turn our thoughts away from ourselves, and produce that childlike unconsciousness, that true humility which we can never know except when we lose ourselves in the contemplation of the All-Perfect, and in the desire to make some approach to Him. This was the humility of Jesus. How beautifully did His whole life illustrate this truth ! but this part of our subject we leave to another time.

E. L. F.

FERDINAND ; OR, THE TEMPTATION.

A TALE, TRANSLATED FROM GOETHE.

[Concluded from the last No.]

FERDINAND had not been in this good way long, when his father determined to put him into business. He was to make himself acquainted with a distant manufactory. The plan was, to set up an establishment in a quarter of the country where the necessities of life and manual labor were very cheap, to station a partner there, to secure for themselves the advantages which at present were necessarily bestowed on others, and by money and

credit to do the business on a large scale. Ferdinand was to examine into the concern on the spot, and to draw up a circumstantial report. The father assigned him a sum for his travelling expenses, and premised that he must make it suffice ; it was ample, and he had no cause thereupon of complaint.

Upon his journey too, Ferdinand lived very sparingly ; by casting up and calculating, he found, that if he should continue in every way to limit himself, he might save a third part of his travelling money. He now also hoped for some opportunity by degrees to obtain the rest, and he found it. For Opportunity is an impartial goddess ; she favours the good alike with the bad.

In the section of the country which he was called to visit, he found everything far more advantageous than had been anticipated. Everybody moved on, mechanically in the old foot track. Of newly invented aids they had either no knowledge, or they had made no use. Moderate sums of money only were expended, and they were contented with a moderate profit. He soon perceived that with a fixed capital, with money paid in advance, the purchase of raw materials on a large scale, and the addition of machinery assisted by capable master-workmen, a large and solid establishment might be effected.

He felt himself exceedingly elated by the prospect of this scene of activity. The beautiful country, wherein his beloved Ottilia floated before him every moment, induced him to hope, that his father would place him in this situation, entrust him with the new establishment, and thus provide for him in an ample and unexpected manner.

He viewed everything with the greater attention, because he regarded all as already his own. For the first

time he had an opportunity to exercise his knowledge, his capabilities and his judgment. The country, as well as its appendages, interested him in the highest degree ; they were balsam and healing to his wounded heart ; for he could not remember without anguish his father's house, in which, as under a kind of madness, he had practised a course of conduct, which now appeared to him as the greatest criminality.

A friend of his family, an intelligent, but sickly man, who had himself first suggested by letter the thought of such an establishment, showed him every thing, made him acquainted with his ideas, and was delighted when the young man not only met, but anticipated his views. This gentleman lived very simply, partly from inclination, partly because his health required it. He had no children : a niece took care of him, to whom he destined his property, and for whom he desired a prudent, active husband, that he might see the plan which he had conceived, but which the condition of his health and resources had prevented him from executing, carried out by the help of a stranger's capital and fresh energy.

Scarcely had he seen Ferdinand, when he appeared to him to be his man, and his hope increased, when he observed in the youth so great a liking for the business and the country. He allowed his niece to perceive his thoughts, and she appeared not disinclined. She was a young, well educated, healthy, and in every respect well disposed maiden. The care of her uncle's domestic concerns kept her always alert and active, and the care of his health always gentle and obliging. A more perfect person could not have been desired for a wife.

Ferdinand, who had eyes only for the loveliness and affection of Ottilia, looked far above and away from the

good country maiden, or wished if Ottilia should hereafter reside as his wife in this part of the country, to be able to procure for her such a housekeeper and provider. He returned the friendliness and complaisance of the damsel in a very unceremonious manner ; he learned to know her better and esteem her ; he soon met her more respectfully, and she as well as her uncle interpreted his behavior according to their wishes.

Ferdinand had continued to look around to inform himself of every thing. With the assistance of the uncle he had formed a plan, and agreeably to his usual giddiness, made no secret, that he was expecting to carry it into execution himself. At the same time he had said many pretty things to the niece, and suitably complimented each department of the housekeeping, which could be entrusted to so careful a manager. Consequently, she and her uncle believed that he entertained serious purposes. and they were so much the more attentive in every thing to please him.

Not without satisfaction had Ferdinand ascertained by his investigations, that he had not only much to hope in future from this situation, but that he could immediately conclude an advantageous bargain, which would replace the sum that had been withdrawn from his father, and thus at once deliver himself from this oppressive burden. He revealed to his friend the purpose of his speculation ; the latter rejoiced thereupon exceedingly, and afforded him all possible assistance, even wishing to conclude the whole for his young friend on credit, which the other however did not permit, but immediately paid off a portion from the overplus of his travelling money, and promised to bring the remainder in a reasonable time.

With what joy he ordered his goods to be packed and

loaded, is not to be expressed. With what satisfaction he set out upon his return, may be imagined ; for the highest emotion which man can experience, is when he elevates and extricates himself from a great fault, a crime even, by his own energy. The good man, who pursues his course without any remarkable deviation from the right way, resembles a peaceful, praiseworthy citizen, while the other, on the contrary, deserves admiration and applause as a hero and conqueror, and in this sense the paradoxical saying appears to have been uttered, that the Deity himself has more joy over the returning sinner than over ninety and nine just persons.

But alas ! Ferdinand was unable by his good resolutions, by improvement and restitution, to take away the sad consequences of the deed, which were awaiting him, and which must anew painfully harass his mind, now again tranquillized. During his absence the storm had gathered which was to burst forth just upon his entrance into his father's house.

Ferdinand's father was, as we know, in respect to his private accounts, not remarkable for accuracy ; his business affairs on the contrary, were very carefully arranged by an experienced and able partner. The senior would not even have been aware of the money which the son had taken, if a packet of coins unusual in those parts had not, unfortunately, been included. This he missed, and the circumstance seemed to him peculiar. What increased his uneasiness to the utmost was, that some parcels, each containing one hundred ducats, which he had loaned some time before, but was certain he had received again, were also gone. He knew that the writing desk had not long before, started open by a push ; he was absolutely sure that he had been robbed, and he

burst out into the most violent passion. His suspicion roamed in every direction. He related the calamity to his wife with the most fearful threats and imprecations; he wished to turn the house inside out, to call to account all the servant men, maids and children; no one remained exempt from his suspicion. The good wife did all she could to quiet her husband; she represented to him the embarrassment and discredit which this story might bring on him and his family, if it should go abroad; that none take an interest in our misfortunes, except to humble us with their pity; that on such an occasion neither he nor she would be spared; that still more surprising discoveries might be made if nothing became public; that the perpetrator might possibly be found out and the money restored, without his being rendered miserable for life. With these and other representations she at length induced him to remain quiet, and to come nearer the matter by secret inquiries.

And alas, the discovery was but too near. Ottilia's aunt was informed of the mutual promises of the young people. She knew of the presents which her niece had accepted. The whole affair was disagreeable to her, and she had been silent only because her niece was absent. A decided engagement with Ferdinand appeared to her advantageous. A dubious flirtation was intolerable. When she learned that the young man was soon to return, as she too was daily expecting her niece, she hastened to inform the parents of what had already taken place, to hear their opinion upon the matter, to inquire whether a speedy provision might be expected for Ferdinand, and whether they were willing that he should marry her niece.

The mother was not a little surprised at hearing of this

connexion. She was dismayed, at finding what presents Ferdinand had given to Ottilia. She concealed her astonishment however, requesting the aunt to allow her time, until she could conveniently confer with her husband upon the affair, assuring her that she considered Ottilia as an advantageous match, and that in all probability her son would soon be prosperously established.

After the aunt's departure, she thought it unadvisable to entrust her husband with this discovery. Her great object now, was to unravel the painful mystery, whether Ferdinand had, as she feared, made these presents with the purloined money. She hastened to the merchant, who dealt chiefly in such trinkets, cheapened articles of the same sort, and at last said he must not raise their price, as he had sold the same things cheaper to her son, who had had a similar commission. The tradesman strenuously contradicted her, proving the price to be the same, and adding, that Ferdinand had besides allowed a discount upon the species of coin in which he had paid for a part. To her utter anguish he named the kind; it was what the father missed.

After pretending to minute down the lowest price, she departed with a heart sorely oppressed. Ferdinand's misconduct was but too plain; the amount of the sum which his father missed was large, and in accordance with her reflective habit of mind, she discerned the deed to be most vile and the consequences most fearful. She had the prudence to conceal the discovery from her husband; she awaited the arrival of her son with mingled dread and longing. She wished to know all, but feared to know the worst.

At length he returned with great cheerfulness. He could expect to be praised for what he had done, and at

the same time he had privately brought with his goods the restitution money, whereby he thought to free himself from his secret transgression.

The father accepted his report favorably, but not with the degree of approbation he expected, for the fate of his money had rendered the man absent and irritable, the more so, as he was obliged at this juncture to make some very considerable payments. This humor of his father annoyed him exceedingly, and still more the presence of the walls, the furniture, and the writing desk, which had been the witnesses of his crime. Gone was all his joy, his hopes and his pretensions; he felt himself to be a common, ah! even a base man.

He was purposing quietly to look around for a market for his goods, which would now quickly arrive, and to rescue himself by active occupation from his unhappiness, when his mother took him aside, and set before him his offence with affection and seriousness, leaving him not the least opening for a denial. His softened heart was rent asunder; with a torrent of tears he threw himself at her feet, made his confession, and implored forgiveness, insisting, that nothing but his passion for Ottilia could have misled him, and that he was innocent of every other vice. He related hereupon the history of his repentance—that he had purposely revealed to his father the practicability of opening the writing desk, and that by economizing upon his journey, and by a fortunate speculation, he now saw himself in a condition to repay the whole.

The mother, unable to be easily pacified, insisted upon knowing how he had disposed of the large sums, since the presents accounted for only the smallest portion. She exhibited, to his horror, the amount of what his father missed. He could not confess to the having taken even

all the silver ; but as for the gold, he swore in the most solemn manner, that he had not touched it. Upon this the mother was indignant to the last degree. She reproached him with still attempting to impose upon his affectionate mother with denials, lies and fables, at the very moment, when by sincere repentance he ought to prove his reformation and conversion ; she was certain that he who could be capable of such conduct, could be capable of all the rest. Probably he had accomplices among his contemptible comrades ; probably the speculation he had concluded, had been made with the pilfered money, and it would hardly have been hinted at, had not his misdeed been accidentally discovered. She threatened him with his father's wrath, with civil punishment, and with total renunciation ; but nothing mortified him more, than her letting him know that a connexion between him and Ottilia had been proposed. Deeply moved herself, she left him in the most desolate condition. He saw that his fault was discovered ; he saw that he labored under a suspicion which magnified his transgression. How anxious was he to persuade his parents that he had not taken the money ! From the violent disposition of his father he must dread a public outbreak. He saw himself in a situation, the reverse of all that it might have been. The prospect of an active life, of a connexion with Ottilia vanished. He saw himself discarded, banished, and in foreign lands exposed to every ill.

But even all this, so appalling to his imagination, so humbling to his pride, so mortifying to his love, was by no means his bitterest pain. His deepest wound was the thought, that his honest purpose, his manly resolution, his stedfast plan to retrieve his fault, should be altogether misunderstood, altogether denied, and even interpreted in

a directly opposite sense. If these forebodings reduced him to dark despair, while obliged to confess that he had deserved his fate ; he was also profoundly affected on the other part, by learning the mournful truth, that an evil action has power to prostrate even virtuous endeavors. This return upon himself, the reflection that his noblest striving must now be in vain, subdued him ; he no longer desired to live.

In these moments, his soul thirsted after a higher support. He sank down on his seat, which he watered with his tears, and implored assistance from the Divine Being. His prayer was one of those which are worthy to be heard ; the man who lifts himself up again from vice, has a claim to immediate assistance ; he who puts forth to the utmost his own energy, may, wherein it is exhausted, or whereto it cannot attain, appeal to the succor of his Father in Heaven.

In this conviction, in this urgent supplication, he continued for a long time, and scarcely perceived that his door opened and some one entered. It was his mother, who came to him with a cheerful countenance ; she saw his distress and spake to him comforting words. "How happy I am," said she, "to find that you are at heart no liar, and that I can regard your repentance as sincere. The gold is found ; your father, when he received it back from his friend, gave it into the keeping of a banker, and being occupied with a great deal of business that day, forgot it. With the silver, your statement satisfactorily agrees. The sum is now greatly lessened. I could not suppress the joy of my heart, and I promised your father to make good the deficiency, if he would only promise me to make himself easy and inquire no farther about the matter."

Ferdinand passed at once to the greatest joy. He hastened to complete his business ; he soon presented the money to his mother, even replacing what he had not taken away, and knew to be missing solely through the irregularity of his father in his expenses. He was joyful and light of heart, yet the whole affair left behind with him a very serious impression. He had convinced himself, that man possesses the power, both to will and to do what is right ; he now believed farther, that it is in this way man is able to interest the Divine Being on his behalf, and may promise himself his succor, for such had been his own direct experience. He now with great alacrity communicated to his father his plan of settling in that part of the country. He described to him the establishment in all its importance and extent. The father gave his consent, and the mother privately communicated to her husband Ferdinand's connexion with Ottilia. So brilliant a daughter-in-law pleased him, and the prospect of being able to establish his son without expense, was to him exceedingly agreeable.

Ferdinand, being delivered from the oppressive burden of so hateful an action, now contemplated, not without a degree of modest self-approbation, his future happiness, and ardently desired the return of Ottilia, that he might make his declaration and fulfil to its whole extent, his given word. She came, accompanied by her parents ; he hastened to her, and found her more bright and beautiful than ever. He impatiently awaited the moment for speaking to her alone, and setting before her his prospects. The time arrived, and with all the joy and tenderness of love he described to her his expectations, the near approach of his good fortune, and his desire to share it with her. But how surprised, how as-

tounded even was he, when she received the whole affair with the utmost lightness, not to say scornfulness. She jested rather coarsely upon the hermitage he had chosen for himself, upon the part they should play, when retiring as shepherd and shepherdess beneath their straw-thatched roof, and more to the same effect.

Surprised and embittered, he retired within himself; her behavior had offended him, and for a moment he was chilled. She had been unjust towards him, and now he observed in her, faults which before had been hidden from him. It needed also no great penetration to perceive that a cousin, so called, who had come with her, had engaged her attention and won a great share of her regard.

Ferdinand soon rallied from the intolerable pain he experienced, and the victory which he had once gained over himself, seemed possible to him a second time. Why should I enter into further details? He hastened back to his peaceful quarters. His arrangements were soon made; he was regular and industrious, and became only the more so, when the good unsophisticated maiden whom we already know, made him happy as his wife, and the old uncle did every thing to render his domestic situation comfortable and permanent.

I became acquainted with him at a later period, when he was surrounded with a numerous, well-educated family. He himself told me his story; and as is usual with men who have, early in life, experienced something remarkable, this event had made so deep an impression on him, that it exercised a great influence upon his life. Even when a husband and the father of a family, he was accustomed frequently to deny himself something, which would have given him pleasure, lest he should lose the

practice of so excellent a virtue ; and his whole plan of education consisted, to a considerable degree, in making his children capable in the same way of denying themselves any thing upon the instant.

In a manner which at first I could not approve, he, for instance, forbade a boy at table the eating of some favorite dish. To my surprise, the boy continued good-humored, and appeared as if nothing had happened.

And thus the elder ones of their own accord often suffered fine fruit and other dainties to pass by them. In other respects, I may well say, he allowed them every thing, and there was no lack in his family either of proper or improper behavior. He appeared indifferent to both, and left them an almost unbounded liberty ; only once a week, it was his pleasure that everything should be done at a precise moment ; all then were regulated in the morning like clockwork ; each one received his orders for the day ; business and pleasure were heaped together, but no one was to be a second behind hand. I could amuse you by the hour together with his conversations and remarks upon this singular system of education. He laughed at the vows of the catholic priesthood, and maintained that every man ought to approve as highly of abstinence in himself, as of the obedience paid by others to vows ; not in order always to practise abstinence, but to practise it at the right time.

L. O.

MAN'S character is not the result of circumstances, but of the free use he makes of them, for his own improvement or injury.

C. FOLLEN.

CHRIST'S LEGACY OF PEACE.

BY H. MARTINEAU.

WHAT hope was thine, O Christ ! when grace
Its riches to thy soul made known !
Mid throngs that filled the holy place,
Thy spirit rose to God alone.

What peace was thine, when thou didst pour
Thy sorrows forth, and rest on God ;
Though midnight tempests lashed the shore,
And none the desert pathway trod !

What joy, to bid the tomb uncloze,
And the long-buried one arise !
Though ready thine own grave, and foes
Upreared the cross before thine eyes.

Jesus, we would not mourn for thee.
By love is life in bliss arrayed ;
Prayer makes the spirit light and free ;
And who like thee has loved and prayed ?

Thy griefs, thy cares, we cannot know ;
Our own are all that we can bear :
But thou thy peace hast left below ;
Thy hope, thy joy, hast bid us share.

WOULD we honor the Savior ? Fair and holy deeds
are the green branches which we should strew in his
way.

C. FOLLEN.

LETTER FROM A SAILOR BOY.

[The following letter was written by a young lad while on his first voyage to China, and contains an account of a severe gale that the vessel encountered on her way thither. It is written with so much simplicity that we can see the character of the writer all through it, and shows him to be so brave a boy, and yet so free from any boasting, that it cannot be read without exciting a wholesome sympathy for the young sailor. I know the family of the boy, and can vouch for this being a literal copy of the original letter. E. F.]

Water Witch—Camsing Moon, }
China, July 16th, 1836. }

MY DEAR MOTHER—Since I wrote to you from Singapore, the poor “Witch” has met with a sad accident. When we were off the Paracells, about half way between Singapore and China, in lat. 13 N. a little to the northward of Manilla, we met with a very heavy typhoon. I wrote my journal up to the day before it, but since have not had time to continue it. (Now don’t be afraid—I am quite well, and the Witch will soon look as well as ever;) but as I was saying, I had not time to keep my journal, so I made up my mind to send you an extract from the log book, but when I asked for it I found it had been sent to Macao to have the protest made out by it, so I must do the best I can from recollection.

On the 22d June it had been very squally all day and blowing hard from the N. E. The barometer fell very much, and about 7 o’clock P. M. we sent down royal masts and topgallant yards. It was my middle watch, and I went below about 9 P. M., but could not sleep, she was pitching and rolling so much—besides which I was wet

through; about half after 11, I went on deck, and I found her under double reefed topsail and foresail. We then took in the foresail and I relieved the chief mate who went below. The wind continued to increase during the middle watch and I went down three times to ask the captain to let me take in the fore topsail, at last I told him he had better come and judge for himself, which he did, and told me to take in the topsail. I called all hands and clewed it up, and the chief mate having come on deck, I went up aloft to furl it, but it came on such a hard squall that we could not manage it. At last I went down to ask the captain to brace the yard in, and he told me not to go up again, but to call the men down. It now blew a perfect hurricane, and as for *calling* it was out of the question, so I was obliged to go up and tell them—the rain beat on my face like hailstones. At 4 it blew still harder, and we were obliged to bear up before it, in doing which she gave a heavy roll (the lee sail under) filled the starboard quarter boat which broke adrift, and washed several sails and casks, off the deck, also, two dogs (at least I suppose they went overboard then.) The Witch now seemed to fly before the wind, not a stich of sail set, you could not see ten yards from the ship, and could only see a sea toping over the stern, now and then, as if it would swallow us. The sea was one sheet of foam. I never saw anything like it before. The wind now veered round to the southward and eastward, the very worst point as we were obliged to keep dead before it, and the Paracells lay right in our track. They are a number of small islands and shoals right in the middle of the China seas. You will see them marked down on the chart. At 7 A. M., 23d June, it seemed to increase. You could not stand without holding on, the force of the wind was so great. At

last about half past eight a tremendous squall (I shall never forget it) made her broach to, and hove her on her beam ends.* The lee yard arms in the water, and the water up to her hatches, so that you could stand on her outside. The cry then was for the axes to cut away the masts.— She seemed to settle down, not to get up again. Some cut away the topmast backstays, but it would not go— so we were obliged to cut away the main and mizen masts, which was done in about a minute. As soon as they were over the side, she paid off before the wind and righted. *My word how glad we were !* The next thing was to get the wreck clear from the ship, which we did without sustaining any further damage, the great danger was its getting foul of the rudder and tearing it off. You may think how hard it blew when I tell you on my word of honor that when I was cutting some ropes that were on the sails I did not hit them, the wind blew my axe on one side.— I cut the sail all to pieces, and the marks are now shown where I was trying to cut the topsail tie. After the masts were gone she steered well, not having any thing to hold the wind, and the foremast still remaining, bending like a reed, so that you might have *sheepshanked the stays*.†

* A vessel is said to be on her *beam ends* when she turns over in the water, so that her masts are horizontal instead of perpendicular, and the beams which run crosswise under the deck are up on end. The *hatches* are the openings in the deck through which the cargo is put in, and the sailors pass up and down. When a vessel is thus laid down on her side, it is necessary to cut away the masts to enable her to right herself, and on a perpendicular deck it is very difficult to do this.

† *Sheepshanked the stays*. The stays are the ropes that go from the top of the mast to the side of the vessel to hold it steady. The mast when bending before the wind made one of these ropes so loose that you might have tied a knot in it, a sort of hitch that sailors call sheep-shanks.

The wind was now S. E., we knew we were running right on to the Paracells—we could not help ourselves—we dare not lay to for fear of her turning with us. Our only chance was to try and make a course for a passage between two of them, about thirty miles wide, and it was ten to one if we hit the channel, as we had been going all kinds of courses during the night previous. If the wind came round any more to southward we were sure to be lost, indeed we made up our minds for the worst, and as Captain H. said, “*V——, we have done all we can—the rest we must leave to Providence.*” We had four Europeans on board (Sorcanies) two of which behaved very well. The Lascars had given up long before and were sitting down crying Ali, Ali, Ali! We could hardly make them go to the pumps. During the day we could not see two yards from the ship, and I thought *that* was one comfort, as we should not see the reef before we were on it. Every stitch of sail was blown from the yards before we lost our masts. They were all furl-ed, and the wind seemed to get in at some hole and burst it open as if it were a pocket handkerchief. The foresail was the last sail that got adrift, and it gave such tremendous flaps (being made of very stout canvass) that we were afraid of its carrying away the foremast. The captain asked me if I would go up and cut it away—I got a sharp knife and mustered a few hands and went up. I got on the yard arm and was just cutting the seizings when one of the men cut away to windward. It went from me like lightning, and flew away to leeward like a cloud, (very glad it did not take me with it too!)

By our reckoning now we were near the reef. About five o'clock it cleared up a little for about half an hour, when we saw the reef about two miles on our larboard

bow. We thought it was all over then. We had been steering W. by N., but now that it was a lull, we could haul up to S. W., but we had no sail to set—all blown away. We were going about one mile ahead and two to leeward, drifting bodily on to the reef (oh what would I not have given then to have had a topsail!) We tried to hoist the jib, but it blew away directly. I went up to shake out two reefs which we had taken in the topsail before the gale came on—all the other part of it was gone. From the topsail yard I could see the reef extending about two points on before our lee beam, so that there was just a chance for us to go clear. It now came on as thick as ever. We got the anchors over the bows, but if we had had to let them go, they would not have held us a minute. We could see the water change color, and expected every minute to see the reef close to us. We tried for soundings but could get none at twenty-five fathoms. The water now was its natural color, and that made us think we had passed the reef. It came on to blow as hard as ever, and some of them say that it blew harder from that time till ten o'clock than it had done before. Away we went—the poor Witch shaking all over, going I suppose 10 or 11 knots an hour without one mast left. What a wreck we were! All our bulwarks* washed away fore and aft—nothing to prevent your going overboard if you happened to fall and had not hold of anything. About eight o'clock a sea struck us and knocked our whaleboat all to pieces after its holding on all day. At ten o'clock McKenzie and I agreed it did not blow so hard, and at eleven there was a great deal of

* *Bulwarks*, that part of the side of a vessel which is above the deck.

difference. At twelve it had abated very much. I went below then and put on dry clothes, and lay down and slept till four next morning. I had been up forty-eight hours, and wet most of the time. When the wind fell light she rolled so that her foreyard first dipped in the water on one side and then on the other.

This, my dear mother, is a true account of one of the hardest gales of wind I or any other man on board ever saw. The height of the gale lasted twenty-four hours, and yet it is strange that other ships, one of which we were close to, the evening it came on, had only the gale for four or six hours. One of them very nearly foundered and had damaged the whole of her cargo.

You will naturally wish to know, my dear mother, how I felt at the time of the masts going. I did not think there was much danger, but when hours passed and it did not clear up, I began to think it was a great chance. I knew we were all in the hands of God, and that He could save us if He chose; but when I saw the reef, I then made up my mind to die: and then, and only then did I once think of home. I had been so employed I had not had time before. I saw the passengers with their prayer-books, but I had no time—I could only repeat a prayer to myself. I saw despair in every body's face—the Lascars were crying and calling “Ali! Ali! Ali!” It was during the first watch, from eight to twelve, that I thought most of home, when I had nothing to do—then indeed I thought of home and every one there—I almost cried, or I may say I did cry (I am not ashamed of owning it) with joy at the thought of there being some chance then of seeing it again. I think we have had one of the narrowest escapes ever a ship had, and I thank God for it. We were about nine days after the gale when we arrived in China.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

"My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
Oh! teach me from my heart to say
"Thy will be done."

"Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer divinely taught—
"Thy will be done."

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends belov'd no longer nigh;
Submissive, I would still reply
"Thy will be done."

If thou should'st call me to resign,
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine,—
I only yield thee what is thine;
"Thy will be done."

If sickness waste me to decay,
Let me with cheerful faith obey,
And teach thy servant still to say
"Thy will be done."

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say
"Thy will be done."

And when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore
"Thy will be done."

—*The Little Magazine, London.*

AN ALLEGORY.

HIGH up among the hill-tops, and seen from the plain below only as a green speck on their dark bosom, lay a little nook seldom pressed by the foot of the traveller. Solid walls of rock closed it in on three sides, and neither shrub nor vine could find footing on their cold gray surface. From the other side the earliest beams of the sun fell on it and clothed it with a verdure unsurpassed in the sunniest fields below. The wind had brought also a few flower seeds to deck it. The columbine nodded on its slender stem; the tassel flower spread its brilliant scarlet tufts, and the mignonette shed its fragrance on the air. No other flower or tree had yet been known there, only the sweet clover-grass which served as a dark ground color for their brilliant blossoms.

To these sole denizens of the spot the flower beauties of the world were unknown. They could conceive nothing surpassing themselves, and supposed grace, beauty, and fragrance to exist sole and complete here. The tassel flower at first reigned sole beauty of the spot, and looked with scorn on the dull blossoms of the columbine as they first unfolded from the scalloped leaves. But when the wind stirred them and they swayed to and fro, modestly bending from their smooth dark stem, while she was obliged to bow to every breeze, and could only display her blossoms to a calm and sunny sky, she was forced to admit that in grace and convenience the new comer excelled her; and when the mignonette peeped unassumingly among the grass, and they found that the sweet perfume they so much liked came from her tiny pale blossoms, they welcomed her gratefully for bringing them a new

pleasure, and allowed her charms to be quite equal to their own. As no more flowrets made their appearance to teach new lessons in the book of beauty, they fancied they had learned the whole of it, and being quite satisfied with it, they sate down quietly to admire one another.

But man, with all his infinity, seldom or never gets a new idea if he can help it; he often thinks he has striven hard for one, but if he examines closely he will find that the need from within, or the pressure from without forced him upon it. Our posies being more limited in their nature, were not expected to take many steps alone; they took as many as circumstances led them to, and enlarged their conception of worth until it embraced the peculiar graces of each, and thought themselves extremely candid and liberal in doing so.

All this was very amiable, and our posies were very happy so long as their solitude remained undisturbed. The danger was that their happiness, instead of resting on the broad foundation of knowledge of the rest of creation and their own place therein, and contentment with it, sprang from the very narrow and false foundation of fancying themselves superior to the rest of the world. In this seclusion they were not likely to be enlightened, not having within them the immortal spark which burns for us in the deepest solitudes, and as they sent out ever gentle exhalations of affection and regard, there was danger that the objects on which they always rested would appear in an exaggerated and untrue light; so that they were in danger of being spoiled by excess of those traits which were their actual charm. For flowers, be it known, are of very loving natures, and though the tassel flower and the columbine had some jealousies and heart-burnings before their comparative worth was settled, their instincts

soon prevailed, and they forgot wounded pride in the delight of loving and admiring. From love naturally flows praise and the most touching and irresistible praise. Our flowers, then, were in the most dangerous state ; their eyes gently closed by those they loved, and nothing within sight or hearing to break the spell.

But one morning their dream was to end. The rocks were not so steep that a young deer could not scramble over them, and frighten our little party out of their importance, by carelessly stretching himself among them, without asking leave. The sweet summer morning must have brought a new creation, they thought ; for soon two graceful sportive creatures descended gently through the air, and began in the shady corner a tale of love.

The flowers had scarcely reconciled themselves to their intrusion, when a stranger appeared who treated them with far more attention than either of the others. Boldly alighting on the shy columbine, while he rifled her of her sweets, he sang her charms and his gratitude in a manner that convinced her that now in serving him she had found the true end of her existence. Buzzing from one to another, his whispered tales were equally persuasive to all, and after a few moments of breathless surprise, they decided that he was the pleasantest visiter in the world.

The stag, stretched on his green couch, and glancing over the wide prospect beneath, was the first to break silence. "Here," murmured he, "I have found my home. I have never been satisfied in the narrow valleys and the dusky tangled woods. Besides, I do not like the ugly slow creatures I meet there ; even of my own beautiful race I care to see only the noblest and swiftest.

Companionship and nature, as I find them down there, disturb as much as they delight me, and if the trouble dwell less in my remembrance, it is no less real, and I always feel it as a drawback. But from this free mountain I can look in a moment over what my swiftest feet could not traverse in a day. Hill and tangled grove and swollen torrent at this distance do not weary and baffle me, but vary and adorn the landscape. This kind rock will keep out all intruders ; this green carpet shall be my nightly couch ; these gentle creatures that have followed me here, cannot love the spot as I do ;—I will tell them that I wish to be alone.”

“Unhappy being,” replied the soft-eyed dove, “we will teach you to wish better things. The same love of beauty and solitude which led you hither, brought us also. Stay and enjoy with us what is so lavishly spread, or if you will not, leave it for those whose affection doubles every pleasure.”

“I am so satisfied with the scene,” replied the stag, “that I can spare of my fulness to you. Down there I could not bear your cooing for an instant, but I quaff such draughts of tranquillity here that I can endure a slight annoyance. Beside, I am pleased with you for fancying what I fancy ; and I like this, my first, taste of happiness so well that I am eager for more, and if you have, as you say, a deeper secret, I would gladly learn it. But this busy, noisy fellow, breaking the sound of the distant waterfall and the changeful wind, he must seek some more fitting abode.”

“Nay,” said the bee, “do not banish me without a hearing. Though I sing boasting and flattering tales to the flowers, I have wiser sayings for your ears. Though I am not so noble and graceful as you, I know many

things which you dwellers in the silent woods never discover. Do not suppose that it is for honey only that we roam over all lands, among all people. Ours is the rare talent of securing the treasures of wisdom while we enjoy the sweets of life. I bring you her lessons culled over all the world, and I will teach you to find in activity the most lasting pleasure of life."

The bee spoke with self-confidence, and the stag felt that he had reason for it; for in his life he brought something to pass, and was also happy.

But now the tassel flower, who with bristling petals, had listened to their words, when she heard the bee setting forth his claims, felt that she also was somebody and would let them know it. So, spreading her quiver of darts and raising her head that they might shine brighter in the sun-light, she began:

"And who are you, boastful intruders, that thrust yourselves into a spot destined for more delicate natures? You talk of your grace and beauty. To us you look coarse, clumsy and ordinary. Would you see perfect grace and beauty, behold the columbine, and my unrivalled hues. In the eyes of those who are accustomed to your ugliness, you may have some worth, but you can never be admired where such superior loveliness dwells; seek then some more common abode, and leave this charming spot for those who adorn instead of defacing it."

The columbine nodded assent to all that the tassel flower had said; and the mignonette signified her sympathy by clouds of fragrance. The stag and the dove were confounded by the arrogance of the flowers, and they knew not how to convince those who were so ignorant, of the falseness of their pretensions. But the bee drew from it a lesson useful for his companions.

"Behold," said he, "the mirror of yourselves. Narrow, ignorant, indolent as they are, you will become, if you voluntarily limit yourselves ; and more so, for your natures are nobler and larger and require more variety of influence and material. The great secret of living wisely is to appreciate what one has, and can do, and to acknowledge candidly what one has not, and cannot do. Those who live in retirement learn only a part of the former, and are in danger of remaining in total ignorance of the latter. You have seen enough of the world to know that there are not only many beings excelling these flowers in their own way, but also in myriads of other ways surpassing these. To them their own powers and mode of existence comprehend the universe, and let them fall into the mistake from ever so amiable a motive, it is not the less hurtful. They suffer less from it than you would, because their utmost doing would but slightly exceed their present lives ; but to you more is possible, more would be lost. I have seen all varieties of creatures, and I find that they are happy as they act out their natures more or less fully. Each nature is at first as a smooth, blank ball. Place it in a fitting environment, and at each attraction from without, new electric points start from within to form fresh links with the universe. If the environment be happy and comprehensive, points are drawn out over the whole surface, and we have a complete sun-figure, radiating from all points. By shutting yourselves up here, you cast away some influence and mar your whole figure, and the loss is the more complete because you know it not. It is as if the eagle folded his wing and the lion slackened his paw and gave up the sovereignty which is their right. You are not likely to abandon your noblest privileges, but by aban-

doing any which you might use, you may embitter your life ; and though you may hide in the ends of the earth, sooner or later a flash of thought, or an accidental meeting, like ours here, will reveal your deficiencies. You may say that the flowers could have been, and done no more had they bloomed in the most populous place. They might at least have learned how much more might exist and be done, and thus have wider knowledge and been spared the consciousness, most painful to a noble nature, of having overrated themselves."

Farewell most philosophical bee, I hope those long words did not spoil your proboscis for honey-making.

c.

PARABLE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

ON the summit of a hill was set the temple of the True God. And in the beginning, the human race, with universal consent, pressed forward to it. Some with uplifted countenances, saw the glorious temple in the distance, and journeyed on towards it from clear sight, rejoicing. But the mass of mankind, being of too short stature, or keeping their eyes fixed on the ground, and many also from their habit of looking behind them,—did not see the temple,—yet from the impulse in their nature, they still continued their course.

But some cunning and wicked men, seeing how the current of mankind was setting in one direction, built a false temple by the road-side, making use of an old building that had been erected years before, for the use of

some wayfarers who had long since journeyed on past the spot. This building they patched up to the best of their ability, and as the travellers arrived here on their way to the true Temple, they persuaded them to enter :—telling them that *this* was indeed the house of God. And having enticed them in, they plundered them, and starved them and ill-used them in all manner of ways : still telling them that this was according to the will of God ; and that they were his appointed servants.

And if any attempted to pass by, or to escape from the temple, they beat them with stripes and bound them.

And when some had succeeded in getting by, and in continuing their course up the holy mountain, they pointed at them scornfully, and called them visionaries or worldly-wise ; and said they were lost among the clouds, and had no longer any footing upon the firm earth.

But these still went on their way rejoicing, because of their clear view of the true temple.

J. E. C.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

It was in that beautiful twilight hour of winter just before the lights were brought in for the evening, that some little boys and girls came to their mother for a story. "Alas, my dear children, I have told you all the stories I recollect." "Have you no 'thoughters,' " said one of the boys, to make up a story with ?" The question induced the mother to do her best at using her "thoughters," and after a little while, she said she would tell them something that would show whether they could think. "I hope it will be a story," said the same little boy. "You will see," said their mother. "You must give me

all your attention, for I shall call upon you to give me the names of three children that I am going to tell you about ; their names showed what characters they bore.

"The eldest of these three children came into the world with a smile ; his look and motions were gentle, his clear eye was full of truth, he was never known to speak an unkind word, wherever he went he seemed to carry sunshine with him, the flowers were more beautiful to him than to any one else, and for him the birds sang more sweetly, and the stars shone more brightly. He was ever ready to help those who wanted help ; he saw what was good in every body, and as for his mother, his thoughts were ever upon her, that he might know before she spoke them, what were her wishes. If she was sick, he was the one to remember to make no noise to disturb her ; he waited upon her so tenderly and so kindly that she forgot her pain in his presence." "No mother ever had such a son as that," said the little listener, who felt how hard it was always to be gentle and kind. "Yes there have been such children, as you will acknowledge when you discover the true name." "Well, mother, tell us about the others." "The next son to to this was very different from his brother ; so different that no one would have supposed they had the same mother. No smile was ever seen upon his face, his fiery eye seemed to make every thing it looked upon, ugly, the flowers and birds and stars were nothing to him. His brow was always frowning, and his red hair standing out from his head made him frightful to look upon. He took no joy in life, he saw no beauty in any thing, and he loved to destroy the flowers by the wayside. His brother's favorites he would torment, the pretty kitten would not frolic before him, and all that came into his presence shunned him, excepting his faithful mother and his gentle

brother. His brother would never resist any thing that he did, would always bear with him ; but all had no effect upon him ; he remained the same unhappy, disagreeable being ; till one day his mother told him she had another little son which he had never seen and which she had always kept till now by himself, for she felt that there was something about this little one so different from either of his brothers, that she waited till she thought them old enough to understand and perceive what was peculiar in him, that they might know how to treat him. This little brother seemed like a spirit, his eyes were like stars, and his whole face was lighted up with intelligence ; as soon as he was born he spoke in a clear, small voice, and his mother found that so far from needing to be taught by her, she was constantly learning something from him, and she said to herself, ‘ God has indeed given me this child, I will always respect him, and so will I teach his brothers to do.’ She took the greatest care of this little one, who appeared very delicate, and yet there was an expression in his eye that looked as if he could dare to do any thing he thought right to do, let it be ever so difficult. As soon as this little one was shown to his brothers, the eldest one took hold of his hand and kissed it, saying, “ mother I feel as if I had seen this little brother before, and I must tell you where, but he looks to me more beautiful now than he did then, it was when I was up in the pear tree that you told me not to climb. The little brother said, ‘ Yes, I remember very well seeing you in that pear tree and since then I have loved to think about you.’ ‘ I have never seen you before,’ said the other brother, ‘ I don’t see what such a little insignificant thing as you are can do.’ ‘ O I can do a great deal for those who will listen to me,’ said the little spirit. ‘ You speak so softly I cannot hear what you say,’ said he in

return, and turned away from his little brother, but he could not forget him after this, though he never asked about him and never wanted to be with him.

One day however when he had been unusually cruel to his brother and unkind to his mother, just before he was going to sleep this little brother came into his room; at first he pretended not to see him, but there was something so bright in his eye that he could not help looking at him, and as soon as he fixed his eyes upon him, his little brother began to speak, and in such a clear and distinct voice, that he could not help hearing what he said; all that his little brother did was just to mention over some of the actions of the past day, he told nothing new, and yet there was something in his manner of telling them that made his brother keep awake nearly all the night. The next day when he rose he had lost something of his fiery look, and he did not avoid his elder brother as he had always done before. His habits however were so fixed that there was very little change in him; it was when he was beating the dog because he did not obey his foolish demands, that his little brother appeared to him again looking at his action with his starry eyes, then he did not turn from him as he had before, but stood still and said not another word. When his little brother saw that there was a sad expression in his face, he came close up to him and asked him if he did not wish him to be his friend as well as his brother? 'Yes,' he said, 'for since I have seen you I feel that I want somebody to be with me to keep me from doing the things I do.' When he said this, his little brother looked upon him with such a heavenly smile that he felt like a new being, and thought how happy he should be to have such a friend. But here are the lights, and we must leave the finishing of the story till another evening."

S. C. C.

